

WHAT SHE SAID AND WHAT SHE DID.

"I never will marry," she said—she said— "Unless a young man that just suits me I find; Taller than I by at least half a head. He surely must be with a face bright and kind. His eyes I'd prefer of a violet blue. His hair a light brown or a very warm gold. He must sing—a fine tenor—and dance nicely, too. And tell us good stories as ever were told. No smoking allowed, for the weed I detest. And of course no remarks that are rude or ill bred; And I'd like him to be always stylishly dressed. The young man I marry," she said—she said— And then the maid married—she did, she did— A three score odd fellow much shorter than she. Who wore a short wig that but awkwardly hid. A name that no balder could possibly be. And his voice was a creak, and he danced like a bear. And his nose it was red, and dull gray were his eyes. And he'd sit by the hour and stupidly stare. And he never said anything witty or wise. And he smoked a clay pipe, and from morning till night. In his mouth held of strongest tobacco a quid. And he dressed—but enough, he had two millions, quite. And she married him gladly—she did, she did.

—Harper's Bazar.

IDENTIFIED.

BY AN OLD LOCKSMITH.



ONE day in the autumn of 1852, while I was working as an apprentice to a prominent Boston locksmith, a man came into the shop to get Mr. Searle, my employer, to open a safe, one of the keys of which had been lost, and the possessor of the other being away for some days.

Mr. Searle questioned the man concerning the make of the safe, and by his replies understood the character of the lock, and being too busy to attend personally to the job he called me, gave the necessary directions, and told me to accompany the messenger.

I was at this time seventeen years old, had been some two years at the trade, was apt and had acquired unusual skill in it for so brief a period, and Mr. Searle, pleased with my progress and interest in the business, had confided much of his own secret knowledge of the craft to me, and particularly of his method of ascertaining the interior mechanism and arrangements of locks of rival makers, by which he was generally enabled to pick even the most difficult of those then in use.

I went with the man, who was a messenger in a broker's office on State street where the locked-up safe was, and on arriving proceeded at once to my work. Several persons besides the proprietor were present, and all watched with much interest my movements, for which I did not care so long as they did not interfere with my space and light.

The safe was one of the best fire-proof makes of that time, and the lock an excellent one of the "lever" kind, so-called; but in less than half an hour I had fitted a key to it, roughly made but sufficient to unlock it, and great were the expressions of wonder and admiration at my skill.

Now, without making an effort to do so, I had, during the operation, noted the various persons present, and among them was one young man, who said very little, but watched my efforts with marked interest, and whom I judged to be a clerk in the office. He was not over thirty years of age, was of medium height, of light complexion, with nothing striking about his general appearance to distinguish him from ordinary men, but, as on one occasion he turned his head aside to answer some question of the broker's, I saw a small, bright red mole on the back of his ear, or, rather, there were two moles joining so as to form an outline of the figure 8 inverted.

I had been taught by Mr. Searle that, in a job of this sort, my work was accomplished with the picking of the lock, and that it was no part of the locksmith's business to afterward open the door, unless at the customer's request. Therefore I arose and said to the broker: "There, sir, it is unlocked. You can now open it."

He at once did so, and revealed the contents of the safe, which consisted principally of papers and books, but I noticed in addition—laid in one corner where there was no shelves—a small steel box or chest, which I recognized as one which I had about a month before fitted a key to at the shop. However, I did not wait, but after the broker had given me an order to make a suitable key for the safe, which I could do, of course, from the skeleton I had made in unlocking it, I went back to the shop—but the mole on the clerk's ear still haunted me.

About a fortnight later I was one night returning home from the old National theater. I had just turned from Haymarket square into Cross street and gone a few yards when, in a dark part, I felt myself firmly seized, a cloth bandage thrust over

my eyes, and a rough voice, in suppressed tones, said:

"Make no noise, boy. We don't want to hurt ye, but 'll hev ter 'fyer don't come along quietly. We've got a little job for ye ter do 'fore we go home, 'n ther's a knife stickin' right toward ye 'f ye make the least trouble."

I had already ceased what little resistance I had attempted at first, for I was neither a large nor a strong lad of my age, and I felt that I was in the grasp of at least two strong men; so I allowed them one on each side, to hurry me along. The night was a cloudy one and the streets were all closed, so that the streets were darker than usual and I knew there was little likelihood of any one interrupting our progress.

I know that we had not turned, and therefore I was being taken in the same direction I was at first moving, that is, toward Salem street, and was aware when we crossed that thoroughfare, and when we passed Hanover street without turning, and that the next street would be Ann, which had not the nosen rechristened North street. Then I feared I was being kidnapped to be taken out to sea. I had heard of such things occurring to boys.

"Gentlemen," I began, "what have I done. Where are—"

"Shut yer yawp, younker, or yer a goner," and I felt something pointed pressing against my side, "No harm'll come to ye, I tell ye, if ye mind."

We pass Ann street, still on Cross, but after proceeding a few paces farther we stepped off the sidewalk onto the cobbles and took several turns before regaining the bricks, and when we again went straight on I knew by the slope of the sidewalk that the buildings were still on my right, but whether on the same side of the street or in the same street I could not determine. Presently, however, we turned a corner to the right, and as we proceeded the occasional sounds of coarse laughter and drunken voices and violin playing issuing from places we passed showed that I was on Ann street or one of its equally disreputable intersections.

We now crossed one more street, and had proceeded perhaps 100 paces when my nostrils were assailed by a peculiarly disagreeable but familiar odor that enlightened me at once as to my locality.

In one part of the city stood an old tenement building of the vilest class, the ground floor of which was occupied by an Italian junk dealer, while the basement or cellar was used by a cheap dealer in hides and pelts; and from these two places came two distinct effluvia, which, combining, made a most indescribable but sickening stench, such as I never encountered elsewhere, and which generally induced me to pass on by the other side. So, as my capors hurried me away, I recognized this odor and knew where I was.

However, we had scarcely passed the point of effluvia when I was turned sharply to the right, and, as I judged from the echoing of our feet and the closer pressing of my guards, conducted up an alley for a few rods when a left turn brought me against some stone steps, which we ascended. A door was opened and we entered a house.

Up two flights of stairs and a turn to the right and we entered a room, where my captors, seating me in a chair, for the first time released their grasp on my arm.

"There, —!" exclaimed one, "that job is safely over."

"Yes," returned the other, "but where's Clint? I thought he'd get here first."

"There he is now," said the first speaker, as a light step was heard ascending the stair, and soon the door opened and a third person entered.

"Hullo, boys! So you've got him. I see. Well, that's lucky for I did hate to have to force the damned thing," said the new comer, and I heard him place something heavy, apparently, on the table. "You see I've got our prize, too. Take off his hoodwink and let's proceed to business."

I could hear some slight movements and then one of them came to me and removed the bandage from my eyes. My companions all wore masks of black cloth, so that I could form no idea of their faces.

"Now, my young friend," said the leader, addressing me, "we mean you no harm if you do what's wanted without making any fuss." I said nothing, for I was still dazed and somewhat frightened, and I observed that he held a pistol in his hand and that one of the others was fingering somewhat ostentatiously the handle of a sheath-knife, and he continued: "You see this box? Well, the quicker you do your work the sooner you'll get home and into bed. We want you to open the lock without doing it any injury. That is all, and then you can go."

As he spoke I looked at the box which lay on the table, and at once recognized it as the one I had seen in the broker's safe, but I made no sign.

"Come, boy," said the man with the knife, advancing with a threatening manner, "git about it d—d quick, for we ain't disposed to put up with no delay."

"But I have no tools with me," I said at last.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" he answered. "Dick, fetch our tool-chest."

The fellow addressed, and who had not yet spoken, went across the room and, unlocking and opening a small iron door in the wall, disclosed one of those wall-safes which are still to be found in many old buildings, and brought thence a wooden box containing a great variety of

machinists' tools, picks, skeleton keys, and jimmies—in fact, a complete burglar's kit.

"There, lockey," said the man with the knife, "I guess you'll find what you want among them."

"And mind," added the one who had brought the steel chest, "don't hurt the lock in the least if you don't want to be hurt yourself."

As I have said, I had once fitted a key to the box and therefore fully understood it. I felt certain that robbery was the business in hand, and hesitated about lending my aid, but reflecting that I could not prevent it and refusing might cost me my life, while liberty might enable me to assist in discovering the thieves, I decided to do as they wished. So selecting the necessary implements, which I readily found in the kit, in a very short time the villains had the satisfaction of seeing the lid fly open, for it was a spring lock, which secured the lid by closing but had to be opened by a key.

"Good! that's your sort," said the man who had brought it, and as he reached forward to examine the contents the light of the lamp, held by one of the others to assist my work, fell upon the back of his head, and I was startled at seeing the mole on the ear that had so tenaciously haunted my memory ever since my job at the broker's. It flashed upon me in a moment. The man's height, figure, hair, all tallied—he was the broker's clerk!

A brief glance at the lid flew open showed me that the chest contained several packages of bank bills and many rolls of coin—probably gold. However, my survey was short, for the clerk said:

"But come, get the boy out of the way. He's wisely given us no trouble, and, I guess, can do us no harm; so let him go. Here, young fellow, take something for your trouble, and if you say nothing about the matter outside it'll be all the better for you," and he handed me a \$10 note which he took from the box.

Unhesitatingly took the money, for by this time, finding that they evidently had no intention of harming me, I had resolved that, knowing so much already, I would acquiesce in everything that would not implicate me as a participant, in order to learn more, with a view to aid in bringing them to justice.

"And now, lockey," said the one with the knife, "ye'll have to have yer blinkers dowsed agin."

I submitted while he again put the cloth about my eyes, when I was conducted out as I came, but by this time I was calmer and paid more attention to my course. I counted my paces to the stairway from the room, noted every turn in descending and when we emerged from the outer door I noted that the steps to the ground were three, and that the middle one appeared to be split lengthwise, as my heel sank as I stepped upon it, and at the bottom on the ground lay a piece of loose board.

As we passed out of the alley I noticed that we turned to the right, so that I knew I was not being led back as I came, and we afterwards made several turns which confused me, but at last my conductor—for I was aware that only one had latterly accompanied me—halted, saying as he let me go:

"Wait a bit till I see if we are watched," and apparently moving off.

After a few minutes I felt convinced that I was alone, and slipping the bandage from my eyes I found myself standing in an old carriage shed looking on the water front. Starting out I discovered that I was on a commercial street and not far from Hanover.

My resolution was instantly taken. I proceeded straight to my employer's house, and after I had rung several times Mr. Searle himself came to the door. In a few words as possible I told him my adventure.

Mr. Searle dressed as speedily as possible and together we proceeded to the nearest police station, where I rehearsed my story to the officer in charge. He asked us if we were willing to follow up the matter at once, adding to Mr. Searle:

"I think, since your young man has done so well, that the thieves are already half taken, and can be entirely so. I believe I know who at least one of his captors is."

We at once expressed our willingness, and the captain, calling a sergeant, gave him some instructions and then requested us to accompany the officer to the residence of Mr. Gould, the broker, whose safe I had operated. Arrived there we learned that Mr. Gould had gone to Portland the day previous and would be away a week or more. His son, who was also his business associate, was at home, however, and on his hearing, with much surprise, my story, said:

"Gentlemen, the box was my father's private affair and he always kept the keys with him. He often had a large amount of money in it and I think there was considerable when he went away. I have the duplicate key of the safe and locked it myself last evening. The chest was then in it and we can go to the office and learn, at least, if it has been taken out."

This we decided to do, and started thither, and on the way the young broker gave some further information.

"Mr. Allen, the clerk, was to go to New York last evening on the 5 o'clock train to be married in a few days, we understood, and taken a wedding trip. He has been with us six months, and although he has never had charge of the safe nor the handling of funds, it was not because we distrusted him, for he always seemed faithful and

efficient, and we were perfectly satisfied with him."

On our reaching the office, which was on the ground floor and opened to the street, Mr. Gould at once unlocked the safe, and as the door was pulled open we all eagerly looked in, and there, sure enough, was the box! I was at first stupefied.

"The boy was mistaken, it seems," said the broker.

"No, I was not," I persisted. "That is the same box, I know, that I opened to-night. See if the money is there."

"Unfortunately," he said, "my father has taken the keys with him. But if this box was really taken away, why is it here now?"

"Shall I open it?" asked Mr. Searle. "Certainly, if you can," replied the broker.

Mr. Searle at once produced a small collection of picks.

"I generally keep them with me," he explained, "for emergencies like this."

In a few moments the lid of the chest flew open and the contents were revealed. Instead of money they consisted of several packages of paper, pieces of iron, and other substances to produce weight.

"The boy was right, Mr. Gould, after all," said the police officer. "Now, my lad, can you take us to the house where the thieves took you?"

"I think I can," said I, "to the very room."

"Very well, lead the way. You need not accompany us, unless you wish."

The young broker, however, did wish it, and we set out. The officer and I proceeded, walking together, Mr. Searle and Mr. Gould close at our heels. In a short time we had reached Ann street. As we neared the locality where I believed I had been taken I observed two figures, who had been lurking in the shadows, fall into our rear as we passed, and we called the officer's attention to the fact.

"They're all right," said he, "they're my men; we may need 'em."

When we reached the house of odors I said in a low voice: "It is somewhere about here—oh! this must be the alley."

This was a few steps further on, and as we turned into it, treading softly and I leading the way, I noticed that one of the other officers had closed up with us, his companions staying outside. At the end of the alley, without any hesitation, I turned to the left, and there were the three steps and the loose board at the foot, and on examination we found the middle step broken, as I had thought. The officer was delighted.

"You'd make a good detective," he said.

The door was fastened. Mr. Searle prospected with his picks and soon removed the key from the inside and threw back the bolt. Fortunately the door was not bolted within, and we all entered without any trouble. On ascending to the third floor the officer exposed a dark lantern, and we looked at it.

"This is the room," I whispered, as I turned in a certain direction and counted my paces.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

He tried the door and found it fast, and by pressure Mr. Searle, who also tried it, knew that it had a slide bolt on the inside.

"Then somebody is there," said the sergeant, "and I s'pose we must foreit. But first I'll try persuasion." He knocked gently, but had to repeat it several times before any response was heard. Finally there was a sound of movement within, and a gruff voice, which I recognized as that of my late captor with the knife, called:

"Who's there?"

"It's I—Clint, said I, with a sudden inspiration, and as nearly as I could imitating the clerk's voice.

"The — you say?"

"Quick," I returned, "let me in. The game's up." And I rattled the knob impatiently.

We heard him now carefully draw back the bolt, and the door opening showed the rascal standing in his shirt and staring in amazement at the light, now held by Mr. Searle, was thrown full on, and the officer confronted him with a revolver, saying: "You're caught, Jimmy. Put your duds on as soon as you can. I'll wait. Who's your pal? I don't remember seeing him before."

He referred to my other captor, who was still on the bed, but had started half up, equally wondering and staring at us wide-eyed.

In brief, the villains recognized me, knew what the visit meant, and seeing also that resistance would be useless yielded, with a good grace. The one whom I have designated as "with the knife" was an old offender, well known to the police and prisons, named Dags. From the wall safe the officers secured the entire burglar's kit and about one-third the whole sum (about \$12,000) taken from the broker's box. The rest the clerk, Allen, had retained as his share.

The latter was arrested early the next morning at the station, where he was about to take the train for New York, and the remainder of the stolen money was recovered with him. All three were convicted of burglary received sentences. All the preliminary examination the reason transpired why such care was taken in opening the chest and afterward replacing it in the safe.

It appeared that Allen was really about to marry a young lady of respectable family in New York, and was going thither for that purpose; and had engaged passage for himself and bride on a steamer to sail for Europe the Saturday following. He knew, of course, that Mr. Gould kept a large amount of money in his private cash-box, and had long waited

a favorable opportunity to rob it. The broker had really lost the key to his safe at the time my services had been used to unlock it, but since then the clerk had found and secretly retained the missing key. Mr. Gould's projected absence for a week or two happened opportunely at the time set for Allen's marriage. The latter knowing that only the broker himself has access to the steel box, and that if the contents could be abstracted without the chest disappearing, there would be no discovery until the elder Gould, return, when Allen would be with his bride well on his way to Europe.

Therefore he promptly arranged with "Jimmy" Dags the plan which had so nearly succeeded.

I will add that this affair was by no means Allen's first offence, but that his new trial drew out the fact that he was an escaped forger whom the officers of a western state were then looking for, and I was always glad that I had been the means not only of bringing him to justice but of saving a probably estimable lady from allying herself to a convicted felon.

Not in the Statutes.

Judge C—, of Vermont, was fond of a joke, when it could be "done" without special injury to public or individual rights.

On one occasion, as he was traveling toward the southern part of the state, to hold a term of court in the county of W—, he came to a public house where a Justice's court was in session. As it was late, and the weather cold and wet, he concluded to put up for the night. Sending his horse to the stable, he entered the barroom, which he found crowded with people, who seemed greatly excited about the case on trial. He had thrown off his outer garments, and was composing himself before a good old-fashioned blazing fire, when a young man came up to him, and, bowing to him very respectfully, asked his assistance in the case.

"The evidence," he said, is all agin' me, but they say Yer Honor is death on desperit cases, and mine ain't so bad as it might be, after all."

Upon inquiry, the Judge learned that his applicant had been arrested for wantonly upsetting a churn of sap in his neighbor's sugar-blot. The youngster had been caught in the very act by two respectable witnesses, and thus the evidence was, as he had stated, clear agin' him."

After hearing all the facts, the judge informed him that it was really a desperate case, but he added:

"I will watch the progress of the trial and if an opportunity presents itself I will help you."

Accordingly he threw open the door leading from his apartment to the room where the trial was going on and sat a careless spectator of the proceedings.

The counsel for the State, put in his testimony and proved the charge conclusively. Thereupon the magistrate turned upon the respondent and with a stern voice asked him if he had "got anything to say to all this 'ere evidential testimony?"

The prisoner was dumb, but looked imploringly toward the justice, who at once arose and approached the table at which the Justice was sitting.

"You needn't think ye can do any kinder good here, for the mind of this court is entirely made up about this consarn, that I can tell ye, mister."

"May it please Your Honor," said the Judge, bowing very gracefully, "it is no doubt true that the charge made against the respondent is fully sustained by the testimony. I do not deny it, but for all that he has a defense."

"A defense! What is it?" growled the court.

"And, Your Honor, it is this: I profess to know a little about law, having practiced more than thirty years past, especially the statute laws of Vermont. Now, Your Honor, I may be mistaken, but I am confident there is nothing in the statute books of Vermont against upsetting either an empty churn or a churn full of sap. I beg of the court not to rely upon my word, but if Your Honor is not satisfied upon this point I would recommend an examination of the statutes."

The counsel of the state rose to reply.

"Stop! stop!" vociferated the court, "this 'pint must be settled before we move another inch."

And thereupon, seizing the statute book and turning to the index he began searching under the letter C for Churn. Not finding it he next looked under S for Sap. Not finding "Sap" he continued his search under C for Upsetting. Still unsuccessful he looked under the title "Crimes and Misdemeanors." Finally he rumaged the book from beginning to end, and finding it silent upon the subject of "upsetting churns" he arose, and addressing the prisoner, said:

"Young man, this 'ere court is satisfied that there ain't nothin' in the laws of Vermont agin' tippin' over a churnfull of sap. There ain't nothin' about churns, anyway—nor sap, neither. But I want ye should remember one thing—that this 'ere court has made up its mind that it's a shame that there's so many maple trees in the State and no law agin' tippin' over sap."

Whereupon the prisoner was released.

Whether farming pays can be answered in a variety of ways. I was recently talking to a farmer who was harrowing by the roadside, using an old-fashioned A harrow, with wooden teeth twelve inches long and two inches in diameter. His wagon stood near, with one odd wheel. This man remarked, with a groan, that farming didn't pay. When spoken to about better implements, he replied that he wasn't going to have any of those new-fangled things on his place.

A farmer who rears extra fine calves never turns them out into a pasture for the first year. They are kept in a stable and fed clover hay, wheat bran, oil meal and perhaps some oats. They grow finely and do not have the adverse circumstances of the hot sun, flies and rainstorms. It takes less time to feed them than when in a field and they do not waste as much. They get well broken and gentle, besides making a fine lot of manure. We must feed more to make manure. The soil needs it.

The managers of Central Park in New York city, are finding out what most farmers' boys could have told them, that the squirrels which they have introduced as companions of the birds are destroying their eggs and young, and driving away all except the persistent English sparrow. The fact that in new settlements birds leave the woods, and cluster around human residences, is not from their love for man, but rather from their fear of the squirrel. In the domestic cat, however, most farmers harbor an enemy of birds that if not fed more than squirrels usually must prove quite as destructive as they.

Colman's Rural World accounts for the depreciated value of cattle as follows: One would think there was no market for western cattle but Chicago, to see the manner in which they are crowded to its stock yards. When years ago every country town had its own slaughter houses and every city was a market, men met with competition among buyers, but nowadays when everything is collected together and shipped to the great central stock yards they find but few buyers and these able to hold the market and control prices. This system has nearly ruined the producers' business and we are assured that the end is nearer than most people imagine."

An Opening for Americans.

It is stated as a matter of statistics that 742 professional gardeners have come to this country from Europe within the past year, of whom 309 were from Germany, 288 from England, 80 from Scotland, 40 from France, 23 from Austria, and Bohemia, and 2 from Belgium. This seemingly disproportionate number of skilled horticulturists among the immigrants is partially accounted for by the fact that many who class themselves as gardeners at Castle garden are really scarcely more than farm hands and go to work as such in this country. On the other hand, there are many gardeners who come to this country in the cabin instead of the steerage, and of whom, of course, no accurate record is made.

Mr. Henderson junior of Peter Henderson & Co. once said that fully 90 per cent. of the professional gardeners in this country were of foreign birth and that they came in about the proportion indicated by the statistics for last year, the most from Germany, Englishmen being second and Scotchmen third in numbers. At one time, he said, there was scarcely an American-born gardener in the country, but the proportion of them is continually increasing. Horticulture is a much older science in Europe than in this country, and it is natural, he said, that professional horticulturists should chiefly come from there. Whatever the foreigners do here, however, is an object lesson to American gardeners, and the foreigners themselves become Americans in the second generation, so that it is only a matter of time when American gardeners will rank with that of other countries in skill as well as in numbers.—New York Sun.